

Whole No. 895.

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Where's thy ring, long ago lost,
 Absolute round the silent mass,
 And washed their narrow track?
 Where art thou, gem of the rock earth?
 City of their memory,
 The glory of the proud Chaldees,
 The green earth's Ancient Chorus!
 'Where low the lake that, glimmering wide,
 Gave back thy landward towers!
 Where are thy gardens of delight!
 Thy cedar-shaded bowers?
 Where, where—ah, where rolls rapidly
 Their foaming slender rivers,
 Fast marble gate and colonnade tower,
 Guarding thy walls for ever?
 There is no voice of gladness here,
 No breath of song floats by:
 I hear—no!—but the moaning wind
 In all that makes reply.
 Solenn and lone the silent marsh
 Spreads endlessly around,
 And shapeless are the reared heaps
 That strew the hollow ground dim,
 Scully, above huge endless dune,
 Signs the lone willow bough—
 The last, last voice of Babylon,
 In only music now.
 Son of Mammon! by whose hand
 The world's story fell—
 The desert city of whose solitary
 Climbed towers and citadels;
 Then founded treachery and mire,
 Then founded dance and song,
 Then founded luxury a banquet fit,
 And sunny a joyous throng:
 Like the death angel come thou;
 When men were once loved;
 And as the hour, great calamities
 The world thou hastest!
 Oh, gladden man his senses

Then rose the fame of Marston,
The house of Beian old;
And lo! he lay in her arms,
When countless visions would
Light footstep glided through his house;
And truth to her belonged;
But prayer's voice murmured,
Even in her silent halls;
And angel fingers wrote her doom
Upon the palace walls.

At midnight came the Person,
Mingling amid the crowd,
He touched me the beautiful,
He said'st not for the crowd:
False was her fated river,
Headless her gods of stone,
He entered at the open gates,
He passed;—and she was gone!
He lay on earth alone
Memorial she hath none,
Darkness and rain thou may'st find
But never Babylon!

SKETCH OF DR. CHANNING.

Dr. Channing is not yet an old man—but for many years he has been considered, and has considered himself, at death's door. It was to his hearers as if death were must be his lot. His mind, however, is in full vigor, and his writings, and even his eloquence in this feeble and dying state, breathe a vigor and undimmed enthusiasm. In person, he is singularly small, and of the slightest possible frame; seen in the street, wrapped in a cloak, and leaning on his cane, he looks like a child in the habiliments of a man. (We were struck, by the way, when in Edinburgh with his remarkable tendency to feigning, though a much smaller man even than the critic of the *Edinburgh Review*.) In private conversation, he seems dependent on his feelings, affectionate, his voice is quivering and low; his step and manner marked with debility; and if you did not study closely his habits and his life, you would

within there lives a spark of energy. He creeps
 up the rail-stairs and stands at the top of
 them while the congregation is hushed in
 stations and breathless suspense—stands ex-
 hausted into the corner and then comes out
 into the pews, pale, and apparently unequal to
 the service. A dumb silence follows the first
 sound of his voice—and then, as if he had
 never been past's words read with such ex-
 ceptions of music. A prayer follows, low, brief,
 reverential, and wholly free from the usual
 and familiar commonplaces in extempore addresses
 to the Deity. Another psalm follows—read, per-
 haps, more distinctly, but with the same im-
 mediacy than the first—and, as the echo of the
 organ dies in the arches of the roof, his face
 has been thrown a moment away from the
 altar and he stands before his audience the slightest
 droopery of a human form that would serve to
 keep his soul upon the earth. He comes back
 and reads a single leaf of soft brown hair,
 contrasted strongly with his transparent white-
 ness; his thin and hollow features are calmly
 and more ivory intellectual in their pale worn lines;
 and his eyes, glowing with a celestial bright-
 ness, are turned to the altar, and clear,
 beams with inexpressible beauty. His voice,
 the most musical to what the ear has heard,
 lo! to listen, is first heard calm and deliberate,
 and is not much raised till he has laid down the
 premises of his discourse. "You sinners have
 sinned—and you have forgotten the man who
 interceded for you and who has laid down his
 blood for you." He is silent a moment
 and then he says, "He is a witness to
 the heavens above you, that an in-
 visible friend making a communion of per-
 sonal interest to yourself, has made it his
 own. At this point, the strange and peculiar
 cadences of his voice begin to strengthen and
 change; his sentences are more varied and
 the brief and impressive antithesis in the
 eloquent appeal, rolling on with progressive pathos
 and energy; and his tones are varied and
 thought to seem to swell, fill and gather power,
 and never flinching in compass and expression.
 Passive and almost motionless till this point
 frame comes to divide—his countenance kindles
 and his eyes begin burning with earnestness
 and force and when his thin arm is stretched forth

logical, or seems transformed to a prophet—distinct with supernatural revelation. He goes on, and his discourse is full of surprises to the mind and the ear. Conclusions spring suddenly, and yet with irresistible logic, from the commonest premises, and his recommendation, to which we again recur, is as varied as the most elaborate, and as curious in its capabilities as an orator, changes from pathos to command—from calmness to impassioned fervor—from the most measured and lingering pauses to the most rapid and accumulating enthusiasm, with a grandeur of facility, which seems the immediate and burning

